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BUTMAN'S PICTURES.

At Miner & Somerville's Gallery, Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street, there has been for some time past a collection of pictures executed by Mr. F. A. Butman, late of San Francisco, and which were offered for sale at auction on Thursday evening.

Mr. Butman has been ten years laboring on the Pacific coast to place the scenery of that wondrous country on canvas and show it to our Atlantic population. To say that he has succeeded is a tame expression of the idea. Mr. Butman has offered for inspection 100 pictures, not one of which but is full of interest, and the whole forming a gallery that we regret to see broken up, but that should be entire on the walls of some public or private gallery.

Mr. Butman's style is warm and rich, his drawing good. In his extreme distances he sometimes rises to a real excellence reached by but few artists in the world. Where he has essayed water in motion, as in No. 61, Coast Scene near San Francisco, he fails, but in still water, as illustrated in No. 26, The Sentinel Rock, Yo Semite Valley, he makes recompense by giving us some of the most beautiful transparent effects we have ever seen. One of his best pictures, as showing his power of handling distances, is No. 2, Coast Range, California.

It is hard to realize such scenery as is shown in No. 6, Mount Hood, Oregon, from Fort Vancouver, but when we view the collection as a whole, we can be sure that No. 6 is truthful. No. 11 is a good Storm on Lake Yahoe, and No. 20, Sunlight on the Columbia River, beautifully handled. No. 34, Sunset on the Upper Sacramento, and No. 39, Sunset in the Yo Semite Valley, are delicious pictures and make one long to be instantly an emigrant westward. No. 48, On the Columbia River, is a rich, warm picture, while Nos. 81 and 86 are deserving of especial mention. No. 62 is bad, View near Santa Cruz, being marred by a rainbow such as never could have been set in the skies without coming down of its own weight.

The best picture in the collection is No. 33, El Capitan, Yo Semite Valley, and should, if there is any real judgment for art rather than for names, bring as good a price as anything from Church or Bierstadt.

Mr. Butman has established his studio in the same building with the gallery, where he will remain after the sale of his collection and finish up the remainder of the studies and sketches he has brought with him.

RIGA.—Herr Doppler's opera of "Wanda," and Herr Abert's "Astorga," are to be produced this season.

BARMEN.—There was a very successful performance of Haydn's "Seasons" at the first Subscription Concert, under the direction of Herr Krause,

HOME FROM HARVEST.

You're home to my side at the evening-tide,
Or even the twilight grey,
And I bless the time of the curfew chime,
And the close of another day.
And, husband, see, for a place on your knee
Here's a bairn that's like to greet;
They've played in the corn from the earliest
morn,
And gleaned 'mid the sheaves of wheat.
With the poppies red they have bound the
head,
And our Janie was like a queen;
A fairer face of the lordliest race
In the county was never seen.
And it's home once more with the day's work
o'er,
In the evening calm and still,
With a smile as bright on your face to-night,
As the sunset over the hill.
And happy the eves when you've bound the
sheaves,
And come, from your toil set free,
With a blithesome look to the ingle-nook,
Safe home to the bairns and me.

W. F. GREY.

ORIGIN OF NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Thirty-six years ago a young man, about twenty-five years of age, of a commanding height—six feet full, the heels of his boots not included in the reckoning—and dressed in scrupulous keeping with the fashion of the time, might have been seen sauntering idly along one of the principal streets of Cincinnati. To the few who could claim acquaintance with him he was known as an actor, playing at the time referred to a short engagement as light comedian in a theatre of that city. He does not seem to have attained any noticeable degree of eminence in his profession, but he had established for himself a reputation among jolly fellows in a social way. He could tell a story, sing a song, and dance a hornpipe, after a style which, however unequal to complete success on the stage, proved, in private performance to select circles rendered appreciative by accessory refreshments, famously triumphant always. If it must be confessed that he was deficient in the more profound qualities, it is not to be inferred that he was destitute of all the distinguishing, though shallower, virtues of character. He had the merit, too, of a proper appreciation of his own capacity; and his aims never rose above that capacity. As a superficial man he dealt with superficial things, and his dealings were marked by tact and shrewdness. In his sphere he was proficient, and he kept his wits upon the alert for everything that might be turned to professional and profitable use. Thus it was that, as he sauntered along one of the main thoroughfares of Cincinnati, as has been written, his attention was suddenly arrested by a voice ringing clear and full above the noise of the street, and giving utterance, in an unmistakable dialect, to the refrain of a song to this effect:

"Turn about an' wheel about and do jus' so,
An' obery time I turn about I jump Jim Crow."

Struck by the peculiarities of the performance, so unique in style, matter, and "character" of delivery, the player listened on. Were not these elements—was the suggestion of the instant—which might admit of higher than mere street or stable-yard devel-

opment? As a national or "race" illustration, behind the footlights, might not "Jim Crow" and a black face tickle the fancy of pit and circle, as well as the "Sprig of Shilalah" and a red nose? Out of the suggestion leaped the determination; and so it chanced that the casual hearing of a song trolled by a negro stage-driver, lolling lazily on the box of his vehicle, gave origin to a school of music destined to excel in popularity all others, and to make the name of the obscure actor, W. D. Rice, famous.

As his engagement at Cincinnati had nearly expired, Rice deemed it expedient to postpone a public venture in the newly projected line until the opening of a fresh engagement should assure him opportunity to share fairly the benefit expected to grow out of the experiment. This engagement had already been entered into, and accordingly, shortly after, in the autumn of 1830, he left Cincinnati for Pittsburg.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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R. R. R.

R E S O L V E N T .

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